

Telephones and Competition.

Every community which has a telephone service is likely to be confronted by the question of granting a franchise to a rival company. Each case must be decided by the governing circumstances, but every case will show the peculiarity of the telephone problem. The telephone is a natural monopoly, for it is to the advantage of every subscriber that all users of telephones should be on the same system with him. More than one system means that a subscriber must have more than one instrument, or be out of communication with part of the world of telephone-users. It is difficult, however, to adjust human nature to ideal mechanical conditions. Established companies, without rivals, lack the motive of competition to keep rates down and service good. The more some communities have welcomed new companies which promised better and cheaper service. Dual systems, like labor strikes, are on their face economic losses, yet it may be worth while to endure the temporary discomfort and loss in order to secure better conditions ultimately. The butcher may be on one system and the baker on another, yet low rates may bring two instruments within the previous cost of one, and may so increase the number of subscribers within call as to atone for the inconvenience. If finally one company absorbs the other, the community may have become so well established in low rates that the surviving company dare not raise them. On the other hand says the Youth's Companion, the effect of competing companies is sometimes merely to divide the telephone-users of a community without adding many to the total number, and if the companies then make an agreement to keep rates up, the community is worse off than before. In the strategic game which a community plays with public service companies, it is difficult to determine in the case of the telephone service how far the actual or threatened establishment of a rival company stimulates mechanical improvement and checks the natural tendency of a monopoly to extortion. No community can settle the question without careful study.

Mr. Bryce Incog.

The last time Mr. Bryce visited this country was two years ago last summer, when he landed in Boston. He is a very modest gentleman, and he prefers to travel incog, when he can conveniently do so. So it happened that on his last voyage hither neither his name nor that of Mrs. Bryce, who came with him, appeared on the passenger list, and his fellow voyagers did not suspect his identity until after several days out. Meanwhile Mr. Bryce had the pleasure of asking his table companions all about this country and its institutions. And they gladly answered his naive questions, never suspecting that they were talking with the author of "The American Commonwealth." Fancy their chagrin later on, remarks the Boston Herald, when they discovered by accident that they had been undertaking to enlighten an inquisitive foreigner who knew far more about their institutions than they did!

The inhabitants of an industrial town seeking to abandon it in a body—a strange event for modern times—is now to be witnessed in Spain. The town is that of Bazar, near Salamanca, whose people are using their utmost endeavors to have themselves distributed—men, women and children—among the South American republics. Bazar was once a flourishing town, with a reputation for its cloth fabrics. Fifty years ago the population numbered 22,000 people, but the place has gradually declined, and today contains no more than 9,000 souls, who seek to flee from it as fast as they can.

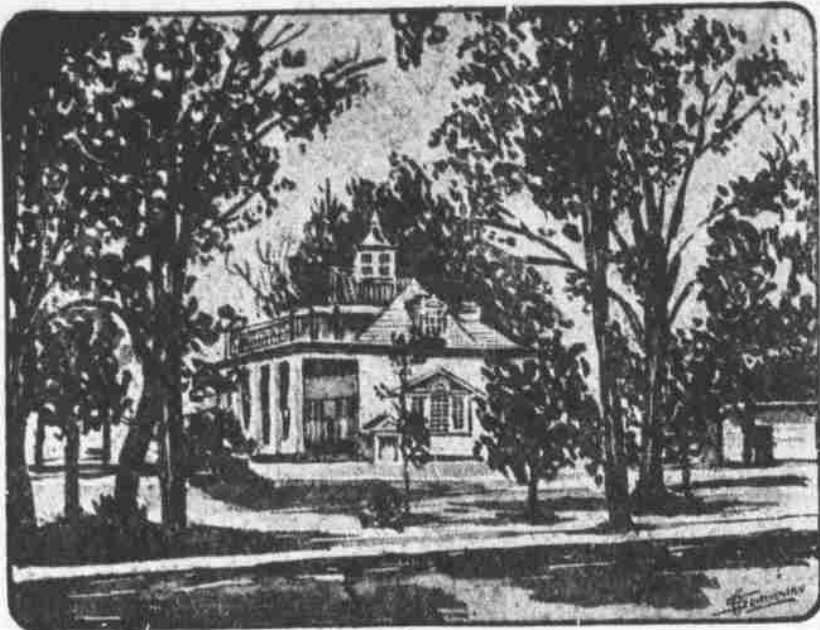
Count Prosper d'Epinau, who has been decorated in Paris by the British ambassador with the Victoria Order, is in the odd position of being a British subject and a Frenchman at the same time. He was born in the island of Mauritius 65 years ago. The island, of course, is inhabited by a French-speaking population and once formed part of the territories of France. Both the count's parents being French, the count is regarded in France as a Frenchman, but, being born under the British flag, he is just as surely a British subject.

Having refused to remain away from the mission field for the full term of his furlough, Rev. Dr. Andrew Watson, who has been engaged in mission work 45 years, has sailed for Egypt. Dr. Watson is the father of Rev. Dr. Charles R. Watson, secretary of the board of foreign missions of the United Presbyterian church. The father has spent the greater part of his life in the Egyptian field, and, as Dr. Charles Watson is the executive of this department, the father is employed by the son.

A Berlin scientist claims to have found a way whereby a head can be made to grow again on a human body after decapitation. If he comes to this country he will fill a long-felt want after every change of administration.

A man in Massachusetts dropped dead while he was reading an original poem to his friends. Which satisfactorily demonstrates the necessity of such a verse in such cases if persuasion fails.

MT. VERNON AS IT IS TO-DAY



Mount Vernon as it Now Appears.



To come upon Mount Vernon when the sunlight floods the long-lined gallery, and the guards lazily stretch their legs and yawn at your approach; to watch the blue smoke curling from the chimneys, and see the barn-yard fowls cluck noisily about and then flap their wings and run, is almost to see the old place as when Washington met his friends half way down the drive, or saluted them from afar. This is as you find it when you are set down like a duck in a puddle, right on the edge of the most historic spot in America.



Tomb of Washington in Summer Time.

His front door, and prepare to salute the shades of his greatness, a man with a camera and a "taking" expression whirrs into view, and before you know it yours is one of the strange faces that look out from the gallery, all wondering, even though knowing, what he is going to do. But it's of no use to fret. Like trouble, he is ever with you—thicker than dandelions on a summer green. If he divides the honors with any one, it's with the woman who wants a souvenir of General Washington.

Here in the banquet room, on the spot where Lafayette, Rochambeau, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and the Artists Houdon, Peale and Trumbull, besides many great revolutionary generals, dined, the women hold their executive sessions. The beautiful silver mounted mirror that adorned Washington's banquet board is removed, and upon the table they write of the progress that saved the old house from ruin. To the Regents of the Mount Vernon association, who come once each springtime and actually live, eat, and drink, and sleep under the famous old roof, does the place owe its air of homelike comfort, as well as its preservation.

It is the banquet room that was prepared for the first time by the hands of Lafayette and a company of French noblemen, who chanced to be house guests. The story runs that a hall was to be given, and the imported paper had arrived, but no paperhangers. Mrs. Washington mourned, but the chivalrous Lafayette, always ready to do or die, consoled her—he was equal to the emergency, and he and his friends hung the paper, assisted by the general and his household. In this historic room, the women are literally surrounded by the priceless treasures that they have collected from the fading past for the benefit of future generations. The Washington that Rembrandt Peale pictures, facing the difficulties of Yorktown, glories the side of the room, while from a mahogany cabinet comes a substantial suggestion of the convivial cheer that went around the festive board through the medium of the ponderous punch bowl, or the quaint cut champagne glasses. Many a trifle that tells of the love of feminine finery fills another case—rare bits of lace, miniatures, silver and china—a delicious bit of feminine folly woven indelibly into the meshes of old time.

It does seem a bit ghastly to turn in with the ghosts of the great, upon the bed where Washington died, but it has been done; and, too, where Lafayette rested. On the quaint little dressing case, where reposed his august one, now, each springtime, lies a riotous

mass of modern hairpins and feminine furbelows. The sitting room of Nellie Custis, that of Martha Washington, the family dining room and the library, each with its wealth of heirlooms, tells of the painstaking care and research of many years. In these rooms the Regents sleep, and work, and live, and imbue themselves with the spirit of the Washingtons.

The attendants, for the most part, are more replete with new uniforms than historical information, but there is reason for knowing that it was in the dear old library that Washington received the official announcement of his election as president of the United States. There are 17 closets in three sides of this room—curious little closets within closets, none perceptible to the passing traveler, but cleverly concealed as a part of the walls and woodwork.

You must wade knee deep through cherry tokens to reach the old conservatory, with the quaint, rambling servants' quarters tucked away under the eaves on each side, while sloping roofs and whitewashed walls remind one somehow of Bobbie Burns.

It is curious how the American traveler prefers to plier his historic treasures rather than to pay a trifle for them. The old gardener thinks this is the case, and it is only by the greatest vigilance that he has for so many years preserved the historic out-

line of the garden as originally planted and laid off by Washington. Again, Mrs. Leiter's generosity and fine judgment are shown, for she is chairman of the committee on grounds and shrubs, as well as interested in the garden and greenhouse. Many a rare plant finds its way to Mount Vernon through her efforts. The gardens are maintained at an expense of over \$2,000, but between \$200 and \$700 of this amount is realized from the sale of plants. Mrs. Phoebe Henry is a model farmer, and spends her money and talent freely. She has preserved and beautified the wharf at an expense of more than \$10,000. She directs the superintendent as to the vegetable garden that supplies the table maintained for the attendants, advises about the deer park that hangs on the hill's edge over the Potomac, and otherwise acts as a beneficent power all about the premises. She took a practical view of the herd of Jersey cattle that browsed around, and when they failed to keep the old-fashioned milkhouse as well supplied as necessary she had them sold and a pretty herd of Guernseys driven in.

In the spacious old kitchen where things run riot, the traveler buys either a glass of milk or a picture to carry away as a souvenir. Somehow, one can't help but feel that even the milk is sold to Washington, because they browse on his plantation.

There is a draw as soft as a summer's day in the voices of most of the attendants, all the way from Thomas Bushrod—the old sexton of Popple church, and a belonging of Bushrod Washington's family—on down to the superintendent. Bushrod lacks the oratorical powers of his predecessor, Edmund Parker, who for so many years kept lonely vigil, but what he lacks in that way he makes up in veneration for the tomb and the lofty honor of guarding the great general's eternal doorway.

Perhaps there is nothing that so much shows the stability of Mount Vernon's first landlord, Washington's father, as the rambling old brick stable, built in 1733, of bricks imported from England. There are patches of moss and ivy vines trailing over it, but no signs of age. An old farmer remarked that "there isn't to-day a better barn in Virginia." Down this slope is the old coach house, where stands the rickety, weatherbeaten coach in which Washington was wont to drive to church in Alexandria.

Can and Does. "Figures never lie." "No, but a good dressmaker can make them stretch the truth considerably."—Houston Post.

TOOK LOAD OFF HIS MIND.

Farmer Found That Uncle Billy Had Not Swindled Him.

I was sitting on the veranda of a New England village hotel after dinner when a townsman came edging up and entered into conversation, and by and by got around to ask: "Do I understand that you live in New York city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right in the city itself, and not in Staten Island or Hoboken?"

"Right in the city."

"And have you been around considerable?"

"I have been on the go for 20 years."

"Then you know something about the restaurants?"

"A little something."

The man stopped there for a moment in an embarrassed way, and then decided to make a clean breast of it and continued:

"A few months ago I sent Uncle Billy Williams of this town, to New York to do some business for me. In his expense account when he came back was 75 cents for a beefsteak in a restaurant. I felt that he was trying to do me out of at least a quarter, and we haven't spoken since. Did you ever run across a 75-cent beefsteak in New York?"

"I never knew that there was one as cheap as that," I replied.

"What? You didn't?"

"If Uncle Billy got one for that price, then the man who served it made a great mistake, and has probably been mad about it ever since. He should have charged \$1.50 at least, and if Uncle Billy had said it was \$2 you wouldn't have been surprised. You can get a tough old steak at that figure if you look around long enough, but if you get anything fresh and juicy you mustn't kick at \$4."

"Great heavens!" gasped the man as he turned pale. "Four dollars for a beefsteak, and I thought Uncle Billy was doing me when he claimed to have paid 75 cents! Say, I owe him an apology. I owe him a hundred. I owe him a thousand, and if you don't see me again before I go you may know that I'm down on my knees asking him if he won't forgive me and take me back to his heart again."

Fastidious Freddie.

Some names are so cosmopolitan that it makes no difference how they are spelled, but just let anybody ring a few unauthorized changes on the name of Frederick and the man who owns it will have something to say. They will not be pleasant things to listen to, either. As Frederick was christened so does he insist upon being spelled. If at the baptismal font he was invested with the dignity of a "k" he stagers under its weight to the end of the chapter. The only person whose indignation can equal Frederick's when somebody leaves off the "k" is Frederick himself that alphabetical error is worse than a whole orchestra out of tune, and it behooves the person who would keep on the good side of him to learn his preference in the matter.

Famous Missionary Ship to Be Sold.

After being used for 18 months among the Micronesians group of islands in the South Seas, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, the famous ship Morning Star has been taken to Honolulu, where she will be sold at auction.

The Morning Star was bought by the pennies of Sunday school children throughout the country. Her cost was \$40,000. The steamship was originally the Shoe City, running between Boston and Lynn.

Eighteen months ago the Morning Star sailed from Boston with a party of missionaries bound for the South Sea Islands. After landing the people the steamship was employed carrying supplies from the various islands and missionary stations, and also in carrying native children to the Christian schools. There are few vessels about so well known to seamen as the "Pracher Ship," as she was named.

The reason for selling the steamship is stated to be the cost of operating her. She in the South Seas commands a higher price than in more frequented portions of the globe, and the traffic would scarcely justify the board retaining so large a steamship.

The Right View.

A regiment of regulars was making a long, dusty march across the rolling prairie land of Montana last summer. It was a hot, blistering day and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town.

A rancher rode past.

"Say, friend," called out one of the men, "how far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher. Another long hour dragged by, and another rancher was encountered.

"How far to the next town?" the men asked him eagerly.

"Oh, a good two miles."

A weary half-hour longer of marching, and then a third rancher.

"Hey, how far's the next town?"

"Not far," was the encouraging answer. "Only about two miles."

"Well," sighed an optimistic sergeant, "thank God, we're holdin' our own, anyhow!"—Everybody's Magazine.

A Wasp as a Pet.

Perhaps the strangest pet ever kept by man was a wasp which Lord Averbury caught in the Pyrenees and resolved to tame. He began by teaching it to take its meals on his hand, and in a very short space of time it grew to expect to be fed in that way. Lord Averbury preserved this pet with the greatest care. True, it stung him once, but then it had every excuse for doing so. He was examining it while on a railway journey and the door being opened by a ticket collector, he unceremoniously stuffed it into a bottle, and the outraged Spaniard, not feeling quite at home during the proceedings, gave him a gentle reminder as to the proper way to treat a guest.

Our Pattern Department

PRINCESS HOUSE GOWN.



Pattern No. 5645.—To some women the close fitting house gown will always be the correct thing; and nothing could be more graceful than this Princess wrapper with its long sweeping lines and well-shaped curves. The collar adds charm to the dress, and no extra trimming is necessary. The neck can also be made high as the pattern provides for that. Silk, flannel, cashmere, or any washable material will make up nicely. The medium size requires seven and seven-eighths yards of 44-inch material. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5645.
 SIZE.....
 NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....

MODISH BOX-PLEATED DRESS.



Pattern No. 5723.—The box-pleated modes have always been popular and becoming to little girls and a very modish design is here shown in a development of brown and white checked material. The full length bishop sleeves are gathered into prettily shaped wristbands, and a belt of the material or of leather may encircle the waist. A broad linen collar and silk tie add greatly to the smartness of the mode. Cashmere, mull, or flannel, for a girl of eight years three and one-quarter yards of 26-inch material will be required. Sizes for 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5723.
 SIZE.....
 NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....

How Porlock Got Its Name.

In North Somerset, England, said Henry Bradley, one might be told that once upon a time the devil and a giant laid a wager, the latter staking his soul, as to which could throw a stone furthest. The giant threw his stone four miles, but the devil beat him by a couple of yards, whereupon the giant exclaimed: "Poor luck!" and so the place has been called Porlock ever since.

Mr. Bradley then instanced the corruption of the word Kent (whose British name was Cantion) from a Welsh word meaning open country. It was possible that the word Cantion was derived from an old British word meaning promontory. As to London, the ancient name was Londinion. Llyn is Welsh for lake, and din for town or fort. What was more, said Mr. Bradley, than to explain London as lake fortress? But it was known that in British of the second century the compound meaning lake fort would have been Lindonion, so Llyn didn't would not explain Londinion. The only philological explanation possible was that the place was called after a Briton named Londinos, meaning wild or fierce.

Skidoo Per Pound.

Young Johnson is of an exceedingly statistical turn of mind. He got married lately, and at the railway station he and his wife weighed; then he took out a little handbook and made some calculations, muttering: "Wedding expenses;— railway expenses;— divide by;— I say, my dear, you have cost me exactly 23 cents a pound."

STATE ODDS AND ENDS

STANDARD'S LAWYERS

Argue That Hancock County Indictments Are Not Good.

Findlay, O.—Arguments to quash the indictments against John D. Rockefeller, the Buckeye Pipe Line Co., the Ohio Oil Co., the Solar Refining Co., and the Standard Oil Co. of Ohio began before Judge Duncan in the Hancock county common pleas court. Mr. Rockefeller and the oil companies are represented by Virgil P. Kline and S. H. Tolles, of Cleveland, and J. O. Troup, of Bowling Green.

In their motions to quash the indictments the attorneys for Mr. Rockefeller and the oil companies claim that the indictments are indefinite and uncertain and do not enable them to properly prepare a defense against the same. It is also alleged that in a single count the indictment charges several offenses, and that for that reason they are bad for duplicity and misjoinder for the defendants.

The prosecution was represented by Prosecutor David and George H. Phelps.

BANK IN BANKRUPTCY.

And President at Home in a Condition of Collapse.

Blanchester.—The Blanchester bank filed papers in bankruptcy. Liabilities are \$100,000 and assets the same. E. D. Smith, president of the institution, was one of the wealthiest men in Clinton county, and the institution became involved through the bankruptcy of the Blanchester Novelty Works. Through alleged misrepresentations a run was made on the bank with the above result. President Smith lies at home in a condition of collapse. Mrs. Smith is in the south, but has been notified by telegram. The failure involves 700 acres of land, a large number of town properties and the bank, but Mr. Smith's friends and heavy depositors believe he will pay in full. The failure created a great deal of excitement among the small depositors.

BARRED FROM HADES

Is the Spirit of White, Say Spiritualists, Likewise From Paradise.

Coshocton, O.—Local spiritualists claim to have conversed with the spirit of Stanford White and say he is an eternal outcast, flitting hither and thither in the air. They say he could not get into paradise and was barred from hades. Leading professional men here, long to the spiritualistic cult here. The medium who conducts most of the meetings is a well-known contractor and former councilman. The common pleas judge of this district, a former prosecuting attorney, Episcopal clergyman and lawyers and physicians have been members of the "circle" investigating psychic phenomena.

WIRE FENCE PLANT

Proposes To Withdraw From Farmers' Co-Operative Harvester Co.

Coshocton, O.—Dr. P. M. Moore has brought suit against the Farmers' Co-Operative Manufacturing Co., of Springfield, O., for the purpose of withdrawing the wire fence plant at Warsaw, O., from the parent organization. The local people raised \$20,000 and erected the plant and say Mr. Whitely and associates have failed to fulfill their part of the contract. Dr. Moore is a director in the Springfield plant. Scores of farmers in this county have stock in the concern.

SWITCH ENGINE

The Vehicle Used By Mantakers in Running Down Fugitives.

Lima, O.—The switch engine as an aid to the police department is a new wrinkle Lima mantakers adopted. Jim Patton and George Burns, who have been in trouble frequently here, eluded detectives and ran through the railroad yards of the Erie. Police officers on the hunt for them flagged a switch engine, boarded it and pursued and captured the fugitives. They are charged with burglary and larceny at Kenton.

BERMAN'S FRIENDS

Outwitted By Detective Kelly, Who Hustled His Prisoner to Toledo.

Cleveland.—Detective Robert J. Kelly, of Cincinnati, cleverly outwitted the friends of Nathan Berman and succeeded in hustling his prisoner off to Cincinnati, where he is wanted on the charge of arson, before his release could be effected by habeas corpus proceedings. To do this Kelly put his prisoner on board a suburban car and took him to Toledo, from which city they went to Cincinnati.

Lumber Companies Merge.

Marion, O.—A practical monopoly of the lumber industry here was accomplished when a \$100,000 deal was closed whereby the newly formed Woolenwebber Lumber Co. absorbs the Prendergast Lumber Co. and the Marion Lumber and Coal Co.

Dress in Flames.

Marletta, O.—Mrs. Charles A. Dixon, aged 48 years, was burned to death here. Her dress caught fire from an open grate. Neighbors burst into the house, summoned by her cries, but she was beyond aid.

Charles A. Woodward is Dead.

Cleveland, O.—C. A. Woodward, 78, single, and one of the most prominent of the Masonic fraternity in this state, died in St. Clair hospital. He was familiarly known in his later years as the "patron saint" of the Woodward Masonic temple.

Annual Report.

Columbus, O.—The state library commission made its annual report to Gov. Harris showing that in the last year there were added to the shelves 7,000 books, making a total of 112,763 now in the library.

DAYTON BREWERIES

Re-Elects Old Officers and Directors and Declares Dividend.

Dayton, O.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Dayton Breweries Co. was held and the following directors elected: Adam Schantz, Frank W. Wurfel, John J. Hall, H. K. Schwind, M. J. Schwind, George Schantz, N. Thomas, Louis L. Wehner, Chas. Whealon and R. V. Burkhardt. Dayton: E. C. Sohngen and C. E. Heiser, of Hamilton; J. Flynn, Sandusky. The following officers were re-elected: President, A. Schantz; vice president, George Schantz; secretary and treasurer, Louis L. Wehner; superintendent of sales, Frank W. Wurfel; superintendent of plants, John M. Schantz; assistant secretary and treasurer, William A. Kreidler.

The executive board was selected to consist of Adam Schantz, George Schantz, Louis L. Wehner, Frank Wurfel, John Hall and George P. Sohngen. A dividend of 1½ per cent on the preferred stock of the company was declared, payable July 1.

The plant of the N. Thomas Co., recently acquired by the Dayton Breweries Co., will be enlarged to a capacity of 150,000 barrels a year to permit of the taking over of the Adam Schantz plant, which will be used exclusively for the manufacture of ice.

BROTHER OF MILLIONAIRE

Charles Schwab, Like His Sister, Is To Wed.

Cleveland, O.—A romance begun in the shady nooks and sylvan byways about Notre Dame university at Notre Dame, Ind., culminated in the announcement of the engagement of Prof. Edward H. Schwab, brother of Charles M. Schwab, the millionaire steel magnate, to Miss Edith McGorray, niece of Sheriff Joseph V. McGorray, of this city. Prof. Schwab came here from New York, where he had been attending the Thaw trial, met his bride-to-be, and the engagement was announced. Miss McGorray attended St. Mary's academy, the women's department of Notre Dame university, for five years, until last Christmas. She is an accomplished elocutionist. Prof. Schwab was also connected with the university during that time.

Miss McGorray and Prof. Schwab will be married in June at St. Patrick's church here. Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab will attend.

The engagement of Miss Gertrude Schwab, sister of the millionaire, to a Pennsylvania banker, was recently announced. Charles Schwab, it is said, will give her \$200,000 on the wedding day.

CAREER CLOSED.

John Kinnane, Wealthy Merchant of Springfield, Succumbs.

Springfield, O.—John Kinnane, a wealthy dry goods merchant, died at his country residence, Hazlewood place, just east of this city. Mr. Kinnane was taken ill about two weeks ago and pneumonia developed. He was born in Tarbert, Ireland, on September 29, 1854, and came to this city in 1870. He engaged in the dry goods business at once and had been at the head of the Kinnane Bros. Co. ever since. He was a member of the city council from 1879 to 1883, and served as colonel on the staff of James E. Campbell, former governor, during the latter's administration.

SWITCH TURNED WRONG

Caused the Wreck That Resulted in An Engineer's Death.

Steubenville, O.—A Wheeling & Lake Erie engine, while running fast to make a grade in the Labele from works yards, struck a bad switch point and upset over the bank. Four men were in the engine cab. Engineer Andrew Reming, aged 39, of Norwalk, was caught under the engine and crushed to death. Conductor Edward Daffney was injured on the leg and side. Fireman Ed Hoover and Yardmaster Ed. Coon were bruised in jumping. The engine was wrecked and cars were derailed.

Half Million Deal.

Marion.—Peter Martin, millionaire stone and lime capitalist, of Huntington, Ind., obtained control of the Norris and Christian Stone and Lime Co., the consideration being over \$500,000. The Ohio & Western Co., of which Martin is president and general manager, now owns and controls plants at Huntington, Bedford and Mitchell, Ind., and at Lucky, Pottsville, Gibsonburg, Sugar Ridge, Tiffin, Genoa, Limestone, Lime City and Portage, O. In addition to the control of these properties Mr. Martin is affiliated with Caleb Gowan, of Cleveland, who operates extensive plants at Kelley's Island and Sandusky.

Foul Play Suspected.

Wapakoneta.—It is now believed that James Abbott, whose body was found near St. Marys, hanging head downward on a wire fence, was the victim of foul play, according to post-mortem examination, which revealed that the skull had been fractured.

Indictments Against Eight Concerns.

Cleveland, O.—The federal grand jury returned indictments against eight contracting companies and firms on the charge of violating the eight-hour labor law in connection with government work in this district.

Found Mother Dead.

Wellston, O.—Mrs. Lucinda Blackford had been in her usual health, and after eating dinner went to an adjoining room to rest. Her daughter entered the room a few minutes later to find her mother lying on the floor dead. Heart trouble was the cause.

Slate Fall Fatal.

Wellston, O.—Earnest Leatherwood, aged 18 years, was instantly killed in the mines here by a 20-ton fall of slate. His father was working in the room with him, but escaped. The son had been married only four weeks.